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semi-tragic, semi-ridiculous air, the confidential *sotto voce* conversations with the leader of the orchestra, the admirable imitations of Forrest and Chas. Kean, in short, the general air of ridiculousness which runs through the whole performance, is most absurdly funny and calls forth round after round of applause and laughter, which must be exceedingly gratifying to Mr. Brougham, both as author and actor.

Mr. Dunn's John Smith is susceptible of vast improvement; the gentleman has a rather sweet, but at the same time weak, voice, which he uses with great success, but beyond this, his personation of the part is decidedly tame, its imperfections being made still more glaring by the excellent acting of Mr. Brougham. Mr. Dunn also costumes the part very badly; I would respectfully suggest to him that the addition of a light wig and beard would add very much to the character of his dress.

Miss Emelie Melville, a young lady almost new to the Metropolitan boards, has achieved a decided success as Pocahontas; to a sweet voice and very pleasing stage appearance, she adds a rare appreciation of burlesque and with these attributes, it follows as a natural consequence that her performance must be a success—true, she is not as good as Mrs. Wood in the same character, but she is fully equal, if not superior, to Miss Georgiana Hodson the original, beautiful, and love-sick Pocahontas.

Mr. Walcot's Rolf is very funny. Give this gentleman a bit of character acting and he is inimitable, but put him in a genteel comedy and he flounders through it in a most pitiable manner; this is fully displayed in the farce, "A Gentleman from Ireland," of which more anon. I must not forget to give credit to Miss Mary Carr, who as the Indian school mistress is extremely funny.

The play I am sorry to say is badly put upon the stage, the scenery is of the most meagre and paltry character and would do discredit to a provincial theatre. It is time that a reform should be made at the Winter Garden in the way of scenery.

Preceding the burlesque is presented Fitz James O'Brien's admirable farce of a "Gentleman from Ireland," Mr. Brougham playing the part of Fitz Maurice in which he is simply perfect, such thorough ease, naturalness and really artistic acting is something intensely enjoyable; there is no straining after effect, everything moves on in a natural, every-day life sort of away, but still the stage is always thoroughly "dressed" and the most perfect effects are produced without any apparent effort. Mr. Brougham is one of the very few actors who can look, act, and talk, like a gentleman on the stage, put him in a dressing gown and he is a gentleman; put him in a frock coat and he is a gentleman; and above all, put him in a dress coat—that terrible *bête noir* of most actors—and he is still a gentleman. This may all sound like fulsome flattery and a most tremendous what is vulgarly called "puff" of Mr. Brougham, sweet and gentle reader, but it is not—the fact is that the gentleman is such a thoroughly natural and artistic actor that it would be almost impossible to say too much in his praise, and in these days, when the stage is for the most part given up to bombast and rhodomontade, Mr. Brougham stands forth as one of the few exponents of reality and nature in acting. Besides which, you must have seen by this time that your humble servant is no adept in the "art of puffing," in fact if I have any weakness it is

rather abusing than praising our New York actors, but Mr. Brougham is an actor whom it would be impossible for even the most hypercritical to abuse, and in that case there is nothing to do but accord him unbounded praise. After this digression "*retournons à nos moutons.*" Mr. Walcot's Hugh Savage is decidedly bad; if this gentleman could but be persuaded by some kind friend to abandon his favorite practice of attitudinising he might in time become a most excellent actor, but at present he is far from it, you may see much more perfect statues in the Antique School of the National Academy than Mr. Walcot can ever hope to succeed in making himself into, so it would be much better for the gentleman to give up this most unequal contest with the old masters. Mr. Burnett's Clover is a most admirable personation and Mrs. Walcot's Agnes is another one of those quiet, lady-like pieces of acting than which no lady on the stage can give a better. Of the other characters the less said the better.

The house is crowded nightly and there is but little doubt that "Pocahontas" and "A Gentleman from Ireland" will have a long and successful run.

The Buislay Family have come, have been seen, and have conquered. They are without exception the most perfect gymnasts that have ever been seen in this country, their acts are all executed with a neatness and fearlessness that is quite charming, the "Niagara Leap" alone is worth a pilgrimage to see; it is without exception the most wonderful and thrillingly sensational gymnastic feat that has ever been attempted. "The Sheep's Foot," the vehicle which has been used to introduce these most excellent gymnasts, is little more or less than the old story of Harlequin and Columbine, and would have been vastly improved had the dialogue been left out and pantomime substituted in its place; the play however is well put upon the stage and some of the transformations are quite equal to those of the Ravels. So one is inclined to pardon the stupidity of a dialogue on account of the general excellence of the performance.

It is curious to see what a change has taken place in the audiences of the New Bowery since the appearance of the Buislay family—the familiar crack of the peanut and the pop of the soda water bottle is heard no more, and the bewildering odor of the tropical orange has given place to the more delicate one of the wood violet, in short the audiences at the New Bowery are no longer Bowery audiences, but Broadway audiences and the place that knew the Orientals knows them no more.

After this week we must positively bid farewell to Mrs. John Wood, for some time to come; let us hope that the time will come shortly.

The "Three Sisters" was produced at Wood's Theatre on Monday evening of last week to a crowded house; such a mass of utter rubbish and nonsense it was never before the misfortune of mortal to witness, even the talents of the Worrell Sisters failed to make it palatable. It is really wonderful to see how many inflections the human mind will put up with but the "Three Sisters" is the finishing hair on the camel's back and exceeds in stupidity even the "Seven Sisters," on which doleful play it is partly founded. The Worrell Sisters are young ladies of altogether too much talent to waste it on such pieces as this, let them strike higher, and they will achieve an enviable success.

SHUGGE.

BERCEUSE.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

The dark is lonely:

The little stars are watching only;
Those angels' eyes that wake in heaven,
To watch my darling morn and even.

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

The flowers are sleeping;

The winds are watching, night dews weeping—

The winds to sing thy lullaby,

Hark! how they sing and whisper by—

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, darling, sleep!

The wild field-flowers

Have closed their eyes till daylight hours:

The little moths have shut their wings

In fox-glove bells, till the first lark sings—

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!

When morn is breaking—

And birds, and moths, and flowers are waking,

Baby's blue eyes shall greet the sun,

And the winds' watch, and the stars', be done—

Sleep, darling, sleep!

GEORGE A. DAVIS.

CORRESPONDENCE OF BACH THALBERG HOSKINS, Esq.

JOLIET, IND., June 20th 1866.

DEAR WATSON: *

I'm glad you returned those certificates (although I do think you might have passed off one of them), for I have already disposed of six, for twenty-five dollars each in greenbacks. My first impulse was to separate the whole sum, \$150, into two equal parts, and send you \$75, because, of course, the sale was consummated in consequence of the notoriety which my first letter in your excellent journal made for me. But as you refused the 50 per cent. offered you, and as \$150 are not easily made in Joliet, I concluded to hold on to the amount, and I done (?) so.

I should have answered that bombastic fellow who attacked me in your paper,—that Mr. L. S. D.—which stands, I suppose, for pounds, shillings, and pence, and is very characteristic of the individual, if we may judge by his confessions; but I have been up to my very eyes in business of a public, I might say national, character, and have really not had time to think of anything else.

The fact is, we have been laying a corner stone in Joliet, and the whole combined energies of the place have been centered in putting the work through. Joliet is not a large place, but it's awful spirited, and although there's no scarcity of whiskey, water is rather hard to come at, so we've been digging a well, and have just raised a pump which will defy competition, from whatever source it may come.

To make this pump worthy of Joliet, engaged the attention of our best minds for several months. Numberless designs were sent in, and, as usual, the committee chose the worst; but it's a sooperb thing, nevertheless. The successful

* As we have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Bach Thalberg Hoskins, we cannot but look upon this familiarity as a piece of snobbish impertinence.—[Ed. A. A. J.]